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inevitably to self-determination, as we shall see later. It is Hegel's *aperçu* that we have in the third position; with Spinoza the independent being remained an undetermined *substance*, but with Hegel it became a self-determining *subject*. All that Spinoza gets out of his substance he must get in an arbitrary manner; it does not follow from its definition that it shall have modes and attributes, but the contrary. This *aperçu*—that the independent being, i. e. every really existing, separate entity, is self-determined—is the central point of speculative philosophy. What self-determination involves, we shall see next.

III.

1. Self-determination implies that the *constitution* or *nature* be self-originated. There is nothing about a self-determined that is created by anything without.

2. Thus self-determined being exists dually—it is (a) as *determining* and (b) as *determined*. (a) As determining, it is the active, which contains merely the possibility of determinations; (b) as determined, it is the passive result—the matter upon which the subject acts.

3. But since both are the same being, each side returns into itself:—(a) as determining or active, it acts only upon its own determining, and (b) as passive or determined, it is, as result of the former, the self-same active itself. Hence its movement is a movement of self-recognition—a positing of distinction which is cancelled in the same act. (In self-recognition something is made an object, and identified with the subject in the same act.)

Moreover, the determiner, on account of its pure generality, (i. e. its having no concrete determinations as yet,) can only be *ideal*—can only exist as the *Ego* exists in thought; not as a *thing*, but as a *generic* entity. The passive side can exist only as the self exists in consciousness—as that which is in opposition and yet in identity at the same time. No finite existence could endure this contradiction, for all such must possess a *nature* or *constitution* which is self-determined; if not, each finite could negate all its properties and qualities, and yet remain itself—just as the person does when he makes abstraction of all, in thinking of the *Ego* or pure self.

Thus we find again our former conclusion.—All finite or dependent things must originate in and depend upon independent or absolute being, which must be an *Ego*. The *Ego* has the form of Infinitude (see chapter II—*the infinite is its own other*).

Resumé. The first chapter states the premises which Kant lays down in his Transcendental Ästhetic, (Kritik der Reinen Vernunft) and draws the true logical conclusions which are positive and not negative, as he makes them. The second chapter gives the Spinozan distinction of the Infinite of the Imagination and Infinite of Reason. The third chapter gives the logical results which Kant should have drawn from his Transcendental Logic. The fourth chapter gives Spincza's fundamental position logically completed, and is the great fundamental position of Plato, Aristotle and Hegel, with reference to the Absolute.

MUSIC AS A FORM OF ART.

[Read before the St. Louis Art Society, February, 1867.]

I. UPON ART-CRITICISM.

A work of art is the product of the inspired moment of the artist. It is not to be supposed that he is able to give an account of his work in the terms of the understanding. Hence the artist is not in a strict sense a critic. The highest order of criticism must endeavor to exhibit the unity of the work by showing how the

various motives unfold from the central thought. Of course, the artist must be rare who can see his work doubly—first sensuously, and then rationally. Only some Michael Angelo or Goethe can do this. The common artist sees the sensuous form as the highest possible revelation—to him his *feeling* is higher than the intellectual vision. And can we not all—

critics as well as artists—sympathize with the statement that the mere calculating intellect, the cold understanding, “all light and no heat,” can never rise into the realm where art can be appreciated? It is only when we contemplate the truly speculative intellect—which is called “love” by the mystics, and by Swedenborg “Love and wisdom united in a Divine Essence,”—that we demur at this supreme elevation of feeling or sentiment. The art critic must have all the feeling side of his nature aroused, as the first condition of his interpretation; and, secondly, he must be able to dissolve into thought the emotions which arise from that side. If feeling were more exalted than thought, this would be impossible. Such, however, is the view of such critics as the Schlegels, who belong to the romantic school. They say that the intellect considers only abstractions, while the heart is affected by the concrete whole, “Spectres and goitred dwarfs” for the intellect, but “beauty’s rose” for the feeling heart. But this all rests on a misunderstanding. The true art critic does not undervalue feeling. It is to him the essential basis upon which he builds. Unless the work of art affects his feelings, he has nothing to think about; he can go no further; the work, to him, is not a work of art at all. But if he is aroused and charmed by it, if his emotional nature is stirred to its depths, and he feels inspired by those spiritual intimations of Eternity which true art always excites, then he has a content to work upon, and this thinking of his, amounts simply to a recognition in other forms, of this eternal element, that glows through the work of art.

Hence there is no collision between the artist and the critic, if both are true to their ideal.

It certainly is no injury to the work of art to show that it treats in some form the Problem of Life, which is the mystery of the Christian religion. It is no derogation to Beethoven to show how he has solved a problem in music, just as Shakespeare in poetry, and Michael Angelo in painting. Those who are content with the mere feeling, we must always respect if they really have the true art feeling, just

as we respect the simple piety of the un-educated peasant. But we must not therefore underrate the conscious seizing of the same thing,—not place St. Augustine or Martin Luther below the simple-minded peasant. Moreover, as our society has for its aim the attainment of an insight into art in general, and not the exclusive enjoyment of any particular art, it is all the more important that we should hold by the only connecting link—the only universal element—*thought*. For thought has not only universal content, like feeling, but also universal form, which feeling has not.

Another reason that causes persons to object to art interpretation, is perhaps that such interpretation reminds them of the inevitable moral appended *ad nau-seam* to the stories that delighted our childhood. But it must be remembered that these morals are put forward as the object of the stories. The art critic can never admit for one moment that it is the object of a work of art simply to be didactic. It is true that all art is a means of culture; but that is not its object. Its object is to combine the idea with a sensuous form, so as to embody, as it were, the Infinite; and any motive external to the work of art itself, is at once felt to be destructive to it.

II. UPON THE INTERPRETATION OF ART.

1. The Infinite is not manifested within any particular sphere of finitude, but rather exhibits itself in the collision of a Finite with another Finite without it. For a Finite must by its very nature be limited from without, and the Infinite, therefore, not only includes any given finite sphere, but also its negation (or the other spheres which joined to it make up the whole).

2. “Art is the manifestation of the Infinite in the Finite,” it is said. Therefore, this must mean that art has for its province the treatment of the collisions that necessarily arise between one finite sphere and another.

3. In proportion as the collision portrayed by art is comprehensive, and a type of all collisions in the universe, is it a high work of art. If, then, the collision is on a small scale, and between low spheres, it is not a high work of art.

4. But whether the collision presented be of a high order or of a low order, it bears a general resemblance to every other collision—the Infinite is always like itself in all its manifestations. The lower the collision, the more it becomes merely symbolical as a work of art, and the less it adequately presents the Infinite.

Thus the lofty mountain peaks of Bierstadt, which rise up into the regions of clearness and sunshine, beyond the realms of change, do this, only because of a force that contradicts gravitation, which continually abases them. The contrast of the high with the low, of the clear and untrammelled with the dark and impeded, symbolizes, in the most natural manner, to every one, the higher conflicts of spirit. It strikes a chord that vibrates, unconsciously perhaps, but, nevertheless, inevitably. On the other hand, when we take the other extreme of painting, and look at the “Last Judgment” of Michael Angelo, or the “Transfiguration” of Raphael, we find comparatively no ambiguity; there the Infinite is visibly portrayed, and the collision in which it is displayed is evidently of the highest order.

5. Art, from its definition, must relate to Time and Space, and in proportion as the grosser elements are subordinated and the spiritual adequately manifested, we find that we approach a form of art wherein the form and matter are both the products of spirit.

Thus we have arts whose matter is taken from (a) Space, (b) Time, and (c) Language (the product of Spirit).

Space is the grossest material. We have on its plane, I. Architecture, II. Sculpture, and III. Painting. (In the latter, color and perspective give the artist power to represent distance and magnitude, and internality, without any one of them, in fact. Upon a piece of ivory no larger than a man’s hand a “Heart of the Andes” might be painted.) In Time we have IV. Music, while in Language we have V. Poetry (in the three forms of Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic) as the last and highest of the forms of Art.

6. An interpretation of a work of art should consist in a translation of it into the form of science. Hence, first, one must

seize the general content of it—or the collision portrayed. Then, secondly, the form of art employed comes in, whether it be Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, or Poetry. Thirdly, the relation which the content has to the form, brings out the superior merits, or the limits and defects of the work of art in question. Thus, at the end, we have universalized the piece of art—digested it, as it were. A true interpretation does not destroy a work of art, but rather furnishes a guide to its highest enjoyment. We have the double pleasure of immediate sensuous enjoyment produced by the artistic execution, and the higher one of finding our rational nature mirrored therein so that we recognize the eternal nature of Spirit there manifested.

7. The peculiar nature of music, as contrasted with other arts, will, if exhibited, best prepare us for what we are to expect from it. The less definitely the mode of art allows its content to be seized, the wider may be its application. Landscape painting may have a very wide scope for its interpretation, while a drama of Goethe or Shakspeare definitely seizes the particulars of its collision, and leaves no doubt as to its sphere. So in the art of music, and especially instrumental music. Music does not portray an object directly, like the plastic arts, but it calls up the internal feeling which is caused by the object itself. It gives us, therefore, a reflection of our impressions excited in the immediate contemplation of the object. Thus we have a reflection of a reflection, as it were.

Since its material is Time rather than Space, we have this contrast with the plastic arts: Architecture, and more especially Sculpture and Painting, are obliged to select a special moment of time for the representation of the collision. As Goethe shows in the *Laocoön*, it will not do to select a moment at random, but that point of time must be chosen in which the collision has reached its height, and in which there is a tension of all the elements that enter the contest on both sides. A moment earlier, or a moment later, some of these elements would be eliminated from the problem, and the comprehensiveness of the work destroyed. When this proper moment is seized in Sculpture, as in the *Lao-*

soon, we can see what has been before the present moment, and easily tell what will come later. In Painting, through the fact that coloring enables more subtle effects to be wrought out, and deeper internal movements to be brought to the surface, we are not so closely confined to the "supreme moment" as in Sculpture. But it is in Music that we first get entirely free from that which confines the plastic arts. Since its form is time, it can convey the whole movement of the collision from its inception to its conclusion. Hence Music is superior to the Arts of Space, in that it can portray the internal creative process, rather than the dead results. It gives us the content in its whole process of development in a *fluid* form, while the Sculptor must fix it in a *frigid* form at a certain stage. Goethe and others have compared Music to Architecture—the latter is "frozen Music"; but they have not compared it to Sculpture nor Painting, for the reason that in these two arts there is a possibility of seizing the form of the individual more definitely, while in Architecture and Music the point of repose does not appear as the human form, but only as the more general one of self-relation or harmony. Thus quantitative ratios—mathematical laws—pervade and govern these two forms of Art.

8. Music, more definitely considered, arises from vibrations, producing waves in the atmosphere. The cohesive attraction of some body is attacked, and successful resistance is made; if not, there is no vibration. Thus the feeling of victory over a foreign foe is conveyed in the most elementary tones, and this is the distinction of *tone* from *noise*, in which there is the irregularity of disruption, and not the regularity of self-equality.

Again, in the obedience of the whole musical structure to its fundamental scale-note, we have something like the obedience of Architecture to Gravity. In order to make an exhibition of Gravity, a pillar is necessary; for the solid wall does not isolate sufficiently the function of support. With the pillar we can have exhibited the effects of Gravity drawing down to the earth, and of the support holding up the shelter. The pillar in classic art exhibits

the equipoise of the two tendencies. In Romantic or Gothic Architecture it exhibits a preponderance of the aspiring tendency—the soaring aloft like the plant to reach the light—a contempt for mere gravity—slender pillars seeming to be let down from the roof, and to draw up something, rather than to support anything. On the other hand, in Symbolic Architecture, (as found in Egypt) we have the overwhelming power of gravity exhibited so as to crush out all humanity—the Pyramid, in whose shape Gravity has done its work. In Music we have continually the conflict of these two tendencies, the upward and downward. The Music that moves upward and shows its ground or point of repose in the octave above the scale-note of the basis, corresponds to the Gothic Architecture. This aspiring movement occurs again and again in chorals; it—like all romantic art—expresses the Christian solution of the problem of life.

III. BEETHOVEN'S SONATA IN C SHARP MINOR.

(*Opus 27, No. 2.*)

The three movements of this sonata which Beethoven called a *fantasie-sonata*, are not arranged in the order commonly followed. Usually sonatas begin with an *allegro* or some quick movement, and pass over to a slow movement—an *adagio* or *andante*—and end in a quick movement. The content here treated could not allow this form, and hence it commences with what is usually the second movement. Its order is 1. *Adagio*, 2. *Allegretto*, 3. *Finale* (presto agitato).

(My rule with reference to the study of art may or may not be interesting to others; it is this:—always to select a masterpiece, so recognized, and keep it before me until it yields its secret, and in its light I am able to see common-place to be what it really is, and be no longer dazzled by it. It requires faith in the commonly received verdict of critics and an immense deal of patience, but in the end one is rewarded for his pains. Almost invariably I find immediate impressions of uncultured persons good for nothing. It requires long familiarity with the best things to learn to see them in their true excellence.)

This sonata is called by the Austrians

the "Moonlight Sonata," and this has become the popular name in America. It is said to have been written by Beethoven when he was recovering from the disappointment of his hopes in a love-episode that had an unfortunate termination. (See Marx's "L. v. Beethoven, Leben und Schaffen." From this magnificent work of Art-Criticism, I have drawn the outlines of the following interpretation.) The object of his affection was a certain young countess, Julia Guicciardi; and it appears from Beethoven's letter to a friend at the time (about 1800) that the affection was mutual, but their difference in rank prevented a marriage. When this sonata appeared (in 1802) it was inscribed to her.

Adagio.

The first movement is a soft, floating movement, portraying the soul musing upon a memory of what has affected it deeply. The surrounding is dim, as seen in moonlight, and the soul is lit up by a reflected light—a glowing at the memory of a bliss that is past. It is not strange that this has been called the Moonlight Sonata, just for this feeling of borrowed light that pervades it. As we gaze into the moon of memory, we almost forget the reflection, and fancy that the sun of immediate consciousness is itself present. But anon a flitting cloudlet (a twinge of bitter regret) obscures the pale beam, or a glance at the landscape—not painted now with colors as in the daytime, but only *clare-obscuré*—brings back to us the sense of our separation from the day and the real. Sadly the soft gliding movement continues, and distant and more distant grows the prospect of experiencing again the remembered happiness. Only for a passing moment can the throbbing soul realize in its dreams once more its full completeness, and the plaintive minor changes to major; but the spectral form of renunciation glides before its face, and the soul subsides into its grief, and yields to what is inevitable. Downward into the depths fall its hopes; only a sepulchral echo comes from the bass, and all is still. Marx calls this "the song of the renouncing soul." It is filled with the feeling of separation and regret; but its slow, dreamy

movement is not that of stern resolution, which should accompany renunciation. Accordingly we have

Allegretto.

The present and real returns; we no longer dwell on the past; "We must separate; only this is left." In this movement we awake from the dream, and we feel the importance of the situation. Its content is "Farewell, then;" the phrase expressing this, lingers in its striving to shake off the grasp and get free. The hands will not let go each other. The phrase runs into the next and back to itself, and will not be cut off. In the trio there seems to be the echoing of sobs that come from the depth of the soul as the sorrowful words are repeated. The buried past still comes back and holds up its happy hours, while the shadows of the gloomy future hover before the two renunciants!

This movement is very short, and is followed by the

Finale (Presto agitato).

"No grief of the soul that can be conquered except through action," says Goethe—and Beethoven expresses the same conviction in the somewhat sentimental correspondence with the fair countess. This third movement depicts the soul endeavoring to escape from itself; to cancel its individualism through contact with the real.

The first movement found the being of the soul involved with another—having, as it were, lost its essence. If the being upon which it depends reflects it back by a reciprocal dependence, it again becomes integral and independent. This cannot be; hence death or renunciation. But renunciation leaves the soul recoiling upon its finitude, and devoid of the universality it would have obtained by receiving its being through another which reciprocally depended upon it. Hence the necessity of Goethe's and Beethoven's solution—the soul must find surcease of sorrow through action, through will, or practical self-determination. *Man becomes universal in his deed.*

How fiercely the soul rushes into the world of action in this *Finale!* In its impetuosity it storms through life, and ever and anon falls down breathless before the

collision which it encounters in leaping the chasms between the different spheres. In its swoon of exhaustion there comes up from the memory of the past the ghost of the lost love that has all the while accompanied him, though unnoticed, in his frantic race. Its hollow tones reverberate through his being, and he starts from his dream and drowns his memory anew in the storm of action. At times we are elevated to the creative moment of the artist, and feel its inspiration and lofty enthusiasm, but again and again the exhausted soul collapses, and the same abysmal crash comes in at the bass each time. The grimmest loneliness, that touches to the core, comes intruding itself upon our rapture. Only in the contest with the "last enemy" we feel at length that the soul has proved itself valid in a region where distinctions of rank sunder and divide no more.

This solution is not quite so satisfactory as could be desired. If we would realize the highest solution, we must study the Fifth Symphony, especially its second movement.

IV. BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY,

(Part II.)

Marx finds in this symphony the problem so often treated by Beethoven—the collision of freedom with fate. "Through night to day, through strife to victory!" Beethoven, in his conversation with Schindler, speaking of the first "motive" at the beginning, said, "Thus Fate knocks at the door." This knocking of Fate comes in continually during the first movement. "We have an immense struggle portrayed. Life is a struggle—this seems to be the content of this movement." The soul finds a solution to this and sings its paean of joy.

In the second movement (*andante*) we have an expression of the more satisfactory solution of the Problem of Life, which we alluded to when speaking of the Sonata above.

It ("The storm-tossed soul") has in that consoling thought reached the harbor of infinite rest—*infinite rest in the sense of an "activity which is a true repose."*

The soul has found this solution, and

repeats it over to assure itself of its reality (1, 1, 1, 7, 1, 2, 1—these are the notes which express it). Then it wishes to make the experience of the universality of this solution—it desires to try its validity in all the spheres where Fate ruled previously. It sets out and ascends the scale three steps at a time (5, 1, 1, 2, 3—1, 3, 3, 4, 5) it reaches 5 of the scale, and ought to reach 8 the next time. It looks up to it as the celestial sun which Gothic Architecture points toward and aspires after. Could it only get there, it would find true rest! But its command of this guiding thought is not yet quite perfect—it cannot wield it so as to fly across the abyss and reach that place of repose without a leap—a "mortal leap." For the ascent by threes has reached a place where another three would bring it to 7 of the scale—the point of absolute unrest; to step four, is to contradict the rhythm or method of its procedure. It pauses, therefore, upon 5—it tries the next three thoughtfully twice, and then, hearing below once more the mocking tones of Fate, it springs over the chasm and clutches the support above, while through all the spheres there rings the sound of exultation.

But to reach the goal by a leap—to have no bridge across the gulf at the end of the road—is not a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Hence we have a manifold endeavor—a striving to get at the true method, which wanders at first in the darkness, but comes at length to the light; it gets the proper form for its idea, and gives up its unwieldy method of threes (1, 2, 3—3, 4, 5), and ascends by the infinite form of 1, 3, 5—3, 5, 8—5; 8, 3, &c., which gives it a complete access to, and control over, all above and below.

The complete self-equipose expressed in that solution which comes in at intervals through the whole, and the bold application of the first method, followed by the faltering when it comes to the defect—the grand exultation over the final discovery of the true method—all these are indescribably charming to the lover of music almost the first time he listens to this symphony, and they become upon repetition more and more suggestive of the highest that art can give.